

THE WHOLE PRO-
PHESIE

of Scotland, England, & some
part of France, and Denmark, Pro-
phesied bee merueilous Merling,
Beid, Bertlington, Thomas Rymour,
Waldmauc, Eltraime, Banestler,
and Sibbilla, all according in
one. Containing ma-
ny strange and merue-
lous things.



Printed by Robert V Valde-
graue, Printer to the Kings
most Excellent Majestic.
1603.

THE WHOLE
OF THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

By Samuel Pepys
Esq. of the Inner Temple
and of the Honourable
Court of Common Council
of the City of London
Printed by J. Sturges
at the Sign of the Gun
in St. Dunstons Church
Lane 1709

By J. Sturges
Printer

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Much things shall in his time befall, and many
 Almost his sayings be true, they shall be
 In the day. Chap. reade to be so well, (true found)
 One thousand and more after Charles birth,
 When the Calender of Cornwell is called
 And the Wolfe out of the waste is hunted for aye
 Then many fertile shall fall, and many folke die,
 Many felcouth shall be seene in all Christen landes
 In the spere and the sea, and signes of the Sonne,
 And in all Planets plainelie that appears in the sky
 Then shall the Lyon be best in the broad North,
 And an fellovne slaw shall fall some after,
 And a shedding of blood within short time
 Both the Spere and the Sperris, great evils shall make,
 And al War shall mune many doies after,
 The great Beare with his tuskes the seilds shall tyme
 A fel thozze of the South shall send him for ever,
 And that Leid shall his life lose in another land.
 Then shall a fresh be suffered farre in the South
 And to the hyth shall he goe that he come from
 With much wealth and worship shall he goe home
 And inhabite Albanye unto the end,
 Both the Fles and Arane at his owne will
 Many men shall laugh when he home comes.
 But much felcouth shall be seene within short time
 at his owne kinde blood, there shall he begin,
 Choke of the chest, and chop of thers head,
 Some buried in fledges, and hanged on his
 Some put in prison, and much paine byte.
 The Crab shall be out of his clift a long time
 With blinde blind, and yet shall remaine
 and other beemes in whole bright for ever

For both his hart and his head shall be of sinte forgot,
So Lord shall live in that land but him self alone,
But they are bound in bill, to keepe them in baill,
Yet shall a man of more baile marke him for ever,
For suddenly he shall goe to some, and die in a fere,
Their shall no King come in that hith for a lang time,
But a figure of a flower, the fairest in the kinde,
The white flower and the red so shall he be called,

In the mouth of Merne an selcouth shall fall,
Two bloodie harts shall be taken with a false traine,
And verily being to some without any doome,
Ireland, Diknap, and other lands made,
For the deth of those two great dail shall make,
When much sorow is seene within vs. yeares,
Both the Crab and the Cock, they shall scape,
For more harme at that time shall they not have,
When the Raven rouses, many man shall rue,
From Cornwel to Caithnes they shall his cry heare,
When the Oed in his clift is clime to the height,
He counts not the Lyon that is his kind Lord,
Then the Craip would governe all, & gapes thereafter
With great gifts of Gold, the flower would he get,
Come he once in his clothes, he covers it never,
When would a puce Catine be keeper of the hith,
Yet shall it saile the frest, that the soke thinks,

When the Cock crowes heepe well his come,
For the Fore and the Fildmart, they are false both,
When the Raven and the Kake, bea counted together
And the hild in his clift, shall accord to the same,
Then shall they be bolde, and come to balle after,
When that the Buck in belling time make a great beare,

It is but tolong that he waistes for he is but along
When shal taken up a iwere, and much wor after
When the Witches of the Kauen rugges are reaued,
And the leil men of Leuthiane be lopped on their heale
When shal the poore people be spoyled ful heil,
And the spers shal murme many dayes after
And al the Abbays truly that stande on a lode,
And al Leuthiane shal lue on their liues after
They shal burne and slay and great cesses make
Their barres no more man say whose man he is
When shal the lann be latules for lann is their nom
And faller shal haue fote felle the peeres,
And truly truly shal be find one more shal find other
It be coting once shal not trust the other
Not the Son the Father nor the Father the Son
For to haue his name he would haue him hang
When shal they a careful wil for peere of the lath
To make lann among lathes but that shal not last
For those Barones and Bachelers that wil not obey
Shal not hope to their crye, nor come to their call
Then shal men be marked for their misdoen
that shal turne them to teine within a while after,
Fra rill, he post and twille then the shadys is at end
And ouer a water he shal and saire see for him self
And in a saire Forest shal an Elm big
Many man shal losse their life in the meane time
For they shal pitch a feld and felle his sight
Upon a broade moor a battell shal be
Beside a Rock Croce, that standes in the South
It is couered with dead Coppen and al of a lath
that the Crobe may not know where the Croce shal
the Wille shal be watchman and here many wayes

and that he led to the Lion his stone hande. Lope
Holy Church is combred with the best of folk
with languages that likes not by Childe; but that that
Fred Walcome to the Balle on the bank syde. (not late
and from Ireland in the Forth that be a faire sight,
Of Barges and Bellingere, and many broad sail,
With his Libberoe & the Flowerdele since vpo night
Then that a Hunter in by come forth of the Wood,
With many Watches in roth robes and hood,
and that got one his hande with the Water of Grace,
and in Wyke that he light and the felle hound,
and the Chiffaine that was one sithers lye. I am talle and

When the man in the spaine is made in his might,
Then that Dunbarton lorne by that is the name of the
and the mouth of Arrane both at one time,
and the Lord with the hounde that he lorne that he lorne
For constables and escheur that was the lorne and

When the Cragges of Wyke is made in the felle
at the next summer of the felle that he lorne that he lorne
And he lorne that he lorne that he lorne that he lorne
Somehowe Speling and all enrobed in one
Somehowe Speling is made away
With a lorne lorne man lorne might that he lorne

For the bath doted him in a Drage on Cornwall

When the Cok in the South hath doted his nest
Bushed his bones and lorne him to the
Then that lorne his felle the gates by call
and right that have his felle entrie.

When the lorne that the spaine in the South lorne
In a dote as black as the bill of a Crowe,
Then is lorne a Lion the hounde and the hounde
that was lorne in Wyke and the hounde doted

When

Then shal a dreadfull Dragone brek him from his den
To helpe the Lyon with his great might
A Bull and a Bastard fowres shal come
To abide with the Bear, to reckon his right
A Libber engendered of native hinde
With the sterne of Bethleem shal rale in the South
A Houle and a Antelope, badly shal abide
A Bears and a B. cock, with hynde to fight
A proude Prince in the preys Lordly shal light
With bold Barrone in buschement, to battell shal come
Then shal the prophesie p. come, that A. h. of. of. of.
Many comely bright is cast under foot
That shal make maydens weene that in balere place
The dreadfull day of detente shal come to the night
Shal make maydens e. i. i. in mourning be brought
Then they meet on the morning with the Bear fight
Betwixt Lion and the sep. for. shal be brought
Where the Lyon shal be hurt and not perished
Then shal he drad to the best, that him the hurt. shal
And many sterne in that stound shal sale to the tre.
And the proudest in the preys, to hall shal be brought
The sep. for. and the fulmart in armes are taken
And led to the Lyon law to abide,
The Wiper and the Wic shal suffer the same
And all the friends of the For shal be sep. made
Then shal troy butrue tremble for dread,
For d. d. of the deadman, to be the. h. h. h.
All the commons of the bith, shal call him the k. p.
The buschement of Weverle to there with shal break
When war men and wodes away went,
And euerie seeds in his season hardly to set
And right well ruled, and falsed is led

Then shall be plentie of peace, when lettes haue no let,
The spouse of God shall sing with a topfall song,
Thanking God thereof and the Trinitie,
And all grace and goodnes shall growe by among,
And euery fruite shall haue plentie by land and by sea,
When the Sonne and the Moone shall shine bright,
That many daies as yett shal be here bene,
And hope their counsels day and night,
With more mirth then men haue lene.
As Berlingtones babes, and Banister he telle,
Of King and many more, that with miracles melles,
And also Thomas Wyntour in his tales telle,
They say the Barons shall choise them a King,
That shall make them greatly to fall oner,
The good man shall rise, and make them accorde,
And take to much honour and sight,
It shal be that was dead, and buried in sight,
Shall rise againe and liue in the land,
In comfort of an young knight,
That to time hath chosen to be her husband,
The wheele shall come to him full right,
That fortune hath chosen to be her felr,
In Surry shall he shew an sight,
In Babilone bring many an beirne on beir,
Fiftene mile from Iherusalem the holy crosse wch shall
The same Lord that beares the Lyon,
At Sandowbe wch the crow,
Fortune hath granted him the millosse,
Since first that he comes baire,
For without treason or traiforie,
Destinie shall not him deceiue,
Which kinde of age til him shal come.

For eny man or spoyle that shal be taken
But end he shall in the land of Egypt
And in the waste of ysaiahs barres shall be be

The Prophecie of Beid.

BEtwixt the cheefe of Summer & the last winter
Before the heat of the harvest happen shall a war,
That Europes land a earnestly shall be wrought
And earnest enue shall last but a while,
But the Lyon with his lustie flowers,
For harme of herd beat, shal beo him with leanness
Then speed and speed him to Spaine into winter
All flowers in the South shall follow him on
Callender shall cry Canuell the nobell
And inherit all Albans at hertfordes will
Come to all Albans none to be twyking
Obe Armoscycianes and Albans the same
Shall recouer Castles & Towres out of Saxons handes
When Britons shall beate them with branches of
There shall no bastard blood be in these landes
Albanus that time king of the earth
Albanus his and Lord of the land
To the Lillie shall lend and love run other
The Lyon leader of all and Lord of all beastes
Shall leane to the Lillie and love him with
And shall beo him to beo by the streamer of Dumber
The Steplons of the Lyon shalde of themselves
They shall start by with strife and for all at once
And strike downe the Steplons & destroy them for ever
Neither love they the Lillie nor the Lyon
But the Lillie shall be lost when they least

Then

Then all shall happen to the best happen as it may,
And the taile of the former toward the harnett.
We then the Lylie shall be loosed when they least thinke,
When cleere Kings blood shal quake for feare of death,
For Charles that chop of heades of their chief beirnes,
And carle of the Crownes that Christ has adoynted.
All this while destines haile to an end.

An Eagle of the East a henterous hawke,
Shalbe gladd flowers to lanch in the first season,
And fire to the shepions and drile them together,
Winde banas brackie, hails to begin
For the hatching warlands get of those faire flowers,
That in Summer season breeds so faire,
But some shall taste the fruits that the tale shynke,
A fell Paytheren slaw shal taste him for ayme.

Hereafter on either the fowtenth shall rise,
The Barges of cleere Barons do tene that be lunkan,
Seculares shall sit in spiritual lottes,
Whipping offices, anoynted as they were,
The true title to purchase that the truth holden,
They shall torment them with tormentes a new,
When Barons shall back on there best wile,
Attow the felles to false, with a lay fove birds,
Turne first to Christ with foves wile,
But some the fow shall be tint, and his time loded,
They shall escape such a chain, as he in who so may,
When shall the noblest escape with the felles,
Yet shall the one fore in the field escape,
The Felkon shall be loked in his winges,
Wille to bruite not this tale nor the tearme knowen,
Let him on sperling meane, and his merke knowen,
And thus Thomas telles in his time after,

At Doncaster shall be the example of their dying,
Yet it must overcome the too in his bush,
Bless the new Barwick with thy hand shall,
Thou shall incline to the King, thou shall be his Lord,
As Saint Wals of that Burgh in his holy sayes,
Thou shall with the Lion fight, and let us see
Though thou be subiect to the Saxon, yet thou shalt not,
Thou shall be looked at the last, believe thou in Christ,
And every language shall praise his Lordship to be,
It was not lost but lent for a little time, for yet as our
Bold Barwick be blessed with thy hand shall,
Thou shall to the Lion fight as Lord of his stone,
Let never the Libert slip in longer a day,
In bold Bretagne to make a state of his own,
Who so doubts of this matter, in his hand, as in his
I doe them well say to know the end in this day,
Take the former of his hand, and make by the fall,
With four Crocres, and a great deal of gold,
Then of the Lion, thou shall be his Lord,
Lose not the Lion, but let his hand be as in his
Thou shall be through the end, the end of the hand,
Keep the hand of the hand, the hand of the hand,
Keep the hand of the hand, the hand of the hand,
Thou shall be the hand of the hand, the hand of the hand,
Of the height of the hand, the hand of the hand,
Of the height of the hand, the hand of the hand,
But Chastitie the Chastitie of their hand,
Of the height of the hand, the hand of the hand,
Shall be the hand of the hand, the hand of the hand,
And this is the hand, the hand of the hand,
Though I write as it is, with I it not more.

¶ The Prophecie of Merlin

It is to be when they it finde,
 That set on face is faine to die,
 That cometh are of freelings kinde,
 Trawling through the moles of winde,
 The Deare his mustel shal byrde,
 And neuer after bond shal be,
 Among the other shal come with winde,
 And as they come so shall they be.

Spee shall by, and kinde shall under,
 The dead shall rise, and moche great wonder,
 And for shall rise to men and wiser,
 The foriefall fall full of strife,
 All men shall see of his reuerenche,
 And insperfall men of Religion,
 The founte to make the bestell alle,
 The sauce shall be bitter and that to his lee,
 And the Dittels alle shall helpe to,
 When the banks of Weill shall blome all about,
 Then his the Dittche to Daitle, and close the thowder,
 Thou shal be werped with a winde, and plucked the pen
 Shal neuer down on thy shinne, nor here be the leste,
 The thunder shal make thy helde to the colde earth,
 Shal neuer stome upon stome, nor ground be the left,
 And so that wretched worke is destroyed for ever.

Their shal a Calyact, gayt with a gilden hope,
 A Pyladow with a tode, sic a prime holde,
 With their pleser in a place by a streame side,
 To strue with the streame, but they no strength have,
 For their mowing they make in the mid way,
 All the gromes shal growndy be the way side.

And many barres shall haue his brech on the backe.
And that merchaunte shall saie he is a fith side,
Wher the leader of the land shall his life lose,
But that bargaine shall breke in a baire burgh.
That shall banish from blisse many bright helmes:
When it is breued on his backe, and his best harnesse,
Of dam Organes dight then may thou wel deme.
Of al the well and the wealth before then was brought
With hunger and thirste on waste hill,
Yet this wicked world shall last but a while,
While a chistme vnholen chole forth him selfe,
and rior ouer the Region, and for Roy holden,
Then his scutifiers shall shall at the faire South
Fra Dunbertane to Douer, and deil at the lande,
He shall be his conquerour, for he is kinde Lox,
Of al Bretaine that bounds to the broad sea,
The conquesting shall be keeped, & neuer conquest after,
Be the coast ye shall knowe when the Knight comes,
He has a mark in the middle wher no man may knowe,
When he is set in the East wher the Sunn riseth,
He has a signe that shew on the South side.
Signum venenosi sanguinis de ventre matris for,
al Malles I wis, shall wend with that Roy,
For to worke his wil, wher he thinke would,
Cyane, Gaskone, and Bretane the blyth,
shall busk to his bidding on their best wise,
The whole men wal helpe in his most hight,
Then shall he turne into Tushane but trefy or trewe
and busk him ouer the moostaines on into winter even,
And then goe to Rome, and rug downe the walles
And ouer al the Region Roy shall be holden,
Of this booke haue I leene, and better threathor.

Of pernicious Spelling, but it is written a long time
With a witched woman once might she be.

¶ The Prophecie of Berlington

VVhen the Knie is raised, rest is there none,
But much nancoor shal rise in Kinner and
Each for to be sene, thro to a Sleuthound,
That beares bernes on his head like a wild Hart
Then a brok shal make a brail on a brail field,
and a bound shal beere aback with a brimeface,
The sleuthfull Sleuthound shal slay him for ever,
Thro to a treetie of a tree, a trayne shal be made,
That Scotland shal reio, and England for ever,
For the wiche Glasse, & Cowan more gapes there
Then shal the banks of Bess blame al about (after,
Then by the Hurchon to Hailis, & close the therein
Then shal be warped with a winde, & plucked the pen,
Shal neuer be sene on thy skin, nor hirs be the left,
a thunder shal worke the bald to the cold earth,
Shal neuer ston upon ston on ground be the left,
and so this wretched beast, is destroyed for ever,
When faith failes in Prelates lawes,
and temporal Lordes will holde new lawes,
and lecherie holden for priuie solace,
and rafe holden from good purchas,
When Rome is deuided in two partes,
and euerie West both the Popes power,
Then shal the land of Albanie,
Be put to great perplexitie,
Span the forthin, and mis amell,
Dread God, do lase, think on the end,

Best of Temptation and the Battle all Jan Hall 12
Thou shalt see a right faire fight,
Of barges and bellingars, and many broad saile,
With the. Herbert and the flower de luce his upon hight.
And so the dreadfull Dragon shall rise from his den,
And from the deepe doughtelle shall drave to the height
Of Bruces left side shall spring out a leste,
As nere as the ninth degree,
And shall be named of faire Scotland,
In France faire beyond the se,
And then shall come againe riding,
With eyes that many men may see
At Aberlath he shall light,
With dempin by the se, and hope of tre,
On Gasford green it shall be done,
On Glasfowle shall the battle be,
How Albane thou make the bonny,
At his bidding be thou prompt,
He shall deil both to love and to love,
His gifts shall stand for ever more,
Then boldly boun the thereafter,
Upon a broad more, a battle shall be,
Beside a stob crose of stone,
Which on the spore stands his,
It shall be clearly ried over with corps of knight,
That the Crow may not find where the crose stane,
Many wise shall wepe, and wise shall under,
The dead shall rise and that shall be wonder,
And car him indely in his spere shield,
For the great round of a new king,
Howe bye the Potom, with the proud the woe,
Take thy part of the woe, when the packe opens,

It shall not be Gladsmoze by the sea;
It shall be Gladsmoze where ever it be;
And the little isles that shall be
Betwixt the Lowmond and the sea
And well is the man in all his life
That bath an cote hous into fyfe,
and yet ones shall come the day
He would the Cote hous were a way.

And there shal come an Hound out of the South,
With him anrayment of Hatches reuolod right,
and adour for the keynly that he come
and in fyfe shall fight and the feild win,
Yet shal an Northern slaw saile his for ever,
and kil him to confusion and returne neuer,
an Eagle then shal come out of the North,
With an flock of birdes fair at the sight,
Which shal make many fute founde and fall;

Then shal an Ghost come out of the West,
With him an faire menyce,
Upon the Egil make him boun,
But he so nie then shal besee,
I can not tel you what he height
A bastard frow I best he be,
His name shal not be expremed as now,
For he was gotten with an Lade in pryuite,
His thoughtie deede is without all doubt
shal comfort al his companie

Howe ever it happen for to fall
The Lyon shal be Lord of all.
The Frenche wife shal beare the Soune
shal weild al Bretane to the sea,
and from the Wyces blood shal come

As nere as the ninth degre,
Peruelous Werling that many men of tell,
And Thomas sayings comes all at once,
Thogh their sayings be selcouth, they shal be sulth found
and there shal all our glading be,
The Crow shal sit upon a stone
and drinke the gentle blood so free,
Take of the ribes and beere to her birdes,
as God hath said, so must it be,
Then shal Ladies laddes wed,
and broke Castles and Towers hie,
Weid hath breind in his booke, and Banister also,
Peruelous Werling, and al acrophes in chace,
Thomas the treto, that never spake false,
Consents to their saying, & the same toring hath taken,
Yet shall there come a kiene knight our the salt sea,
a kiene man of courage, and bolde man of armes,
A Duker sonne double, a boyme man in France,
That shal our mirthes, amend, and mende all our harme
after the date of our Lord 1513, & thurle thare thare after
Which shal broke al the braine to him selke,
Betwixt riss, and thurle thare the Thyrp shal be ended,
the Sarons shal never reconer after,
He shal be crowned in the luth, in the Castle of Douer,
Which weares the golden Garland of Julius Cesar
Boze worship shal he win, of greater worth,
Then ever Arthur himselfe had in his dates,
Many doughtie dedes shal he doe thore after,
Which shal be spoken of many dayes better.

**The Prophecie of Thomas
Rymour.**

S Will on my waies as I went,
Out thogh a land, beſide a ſtre,
I met a beſene upon the way,
We thought him ſeemleſſe for to ſee,
I aſked him holly his intent,
God ſwore if your will be,
Then that ye hyde vpon the bent,
Some vncouth ſpynges ſhall you ſee,
When that al theſe warres be gone,
That leſſe men may ſee in he,
Whan ſhall ſalſped goe from houndes,
And laughtle blow his horne on hie,
I looked from me not a mille,
And ſaw two knyghtes vpon a ſtre,
They were armed ſeemleſſe me,
Two Croces on there beſtes they bare,
And they were cled in diuers hew,
Of ſimyle countries as they were,
The one was red as any blood,
Set in his ſhield a Dragonne hew,
He ſteered his ſteed as he were mad,
With crabbed wordes ſharpe and hew,
Right to the other beſene him by,
His horſe was al of ſiluer hew,
His ſhield was ſhaped right ſeemleſſe,
In it a Ramping Lyon hew,
Specially into golde was ſet,
His beſtoure was of ſiluer hew,

With like and habit well was play, for that so sh^e
I looked from me over a greene, for that so sh^e
And saw a Lady on a lie, for that so sh^e
That such a one had I never sene, for that so sh^e
The light of her shined so bright, for that so sh^e
Attour the more where at she stode, for that so sh^e
The fields me thought faire and greene, for that so sh^e
She rode upon a Steed full sture, for that so sh^e
That such a one had I seldom sene, for that so sh^e
Her Steed was white as any milke, for that so sh^e
His top his taile full both full black, for that so sh^e
A shoe sayde setwed with silke, for that so sh^e
As al were golde it glittered so, for that so sh^e
His harnessing was of silke of pnde, for that so sh^e
Set with precious stones full, for that so sh^e
He ambled on a noble hinder, for that so sh^e
Upon her head stode Crowne thre crowns, for that so sh^e
Her garment was of Colours gay, for that so sh^e
But other colour saw I none, for that so sh^e
A flying towe then I saw, for that so sh^e
Light beside her on a stone, for that so sh^e
A scope into her hand she bare, for that so sh^e
and holy water she had ready, for that so sh^e
She sprinkled the field both here & there, for that so sh^e
said heere that many dead corpes lie, for that so sh^e
At pontefrage upon pon burne, for that so sh^e
Where the water runnes bright and shene, for that so sh^e
There that many felles lye, for that so sh^e
And knights die throu battles keene, for that so sh^e
To the two knights then she say, for that so sh^e
Let be your fere my knights fere, for that so sh^e
We take your horse and ride your way, for that so sh^e

As God hath ordained so must it be,
Saint Andrew thou hast the right,
Saint George thou art my owne knight,
thy wrongous aires shall worke thee woe,
Now are they one there waits gate,
The Ladie and the knightes two,
to that beirne then can I went,
and asked tythings be my tep,
What kinde of light was that I saw?
Thou shewed to me upon yone lie,
Wherof came those knightes two?
They seemed of a farre countrie,
That Ladie that I let thee see,
that is the Quene of heauen so bright,
the soile that flew by her knee,
that is Saint Michael much of might,
the knightes two the field to take,
Wheremanie men in field shall fight,
know you well it shal be so,
that die shal manie a gentle knight,
With death shal many doughtie valley,
the Loxen shal be there alway,
there is no harret that can tell,
Who shal win the field that day,
A crooned king in armes shal,
Under the Baner shal be set,
two false and feyned shal be,
the thirde shal light and make good,
Baners firs agayne shal turne,
and come in on the other side,
the white Lyon shal beate them before,
And worke them two both wounded to the

The

The Bares heade with the read Lyon, and out dier out
So firmly into read golde set, as that must be
That day that slay the King with Croone, as that
Though many Lordes make great let, as that
there that attour the water of Forth, as that
Set in golde the read Lyon, as that
And many Lordes out of the North, as that
to that battel that make them down, as that
there that Crescitus come full borne, as that
that weares the Croce as read as black, as that
On euerie side that be so proud, as that
Defouled is many dought in face, as that
Beside a Lough, upon a hill, as that
they that assemble byon a dale, as that
And many doughtie men that dale, as that
Few in quiet that be so proud, as that
Our Scottish King that come full borne, as that
The read Lyon be with him, as that
A feathered arrowe that pierce, as that
shal make him winke and hurte to be, as that
Out of the side he shal be lede, as that
When he is blode and bone for blode, as that
Pet to his men that he say, as that
For Gods loue you turne againe, as that
and giue those Southerne folke a shewe, as that
Why should I lose the righte mine, as that
My date is not to die this day, as that
Ponder is falshode shew alway, as that
and laughtie blowes his hearme, as that
Our bloude King that weares the Croone, as that
Full bolde that be battell byon, as that
His Baner that be beaten to the ground, as that

And hath no hole his hand to flye,
The sternes three that day shall die,
That beares the harte in blaw thence,
There is no riches gold nor fee,
May lengthen his life an houre I wend.
Thus through the field that knight that rode,
And rouse reshele the king with crowne,
He will make many a warmer pale,
The knight that beares the todder thre,
He will by force the field to te,
But when he lies the day on de,
I thinke so wel he will be done,
Beside him lightes beames thre,
The two is white the third is blacke,
The todder thre, that day the ston,
The third of them that make him die,
Out of the field that ge he may,
But one knight and armes thre,
There comes a warmer red as blaw,
In a ship of silver shienes,
With him comes many felle fide,
To worke the Scottes harchbarte and tode,
There comes a Ghost out of the mist,
Is of another language then he,
To the battle botwix him be,
As fone as he the sword out ran fide,
The Matches worke there great todder,
Where they are rayed one lie,
I cannot tell who hath the best,
Each one of them makes other die,
A white so mane let into blacke,
Shal semble from the French fry,

To worke the Northern folde great toun, 22
For knowe you well that it be, and the south dore
the flashes aught with silver set, and the south dore
shal semble from the other floure, in that hand on the
till be and the South be met, in the south dore
They that worke the south with wounds folde, and the south dore
fifteen wounds wide there is a bath that hath a dore
So boldie will there be men by, and the south dore
It is no rek who gets the bath, and the south dore
they shal both be in that same dore, and the south dore

There comes a Lord out of the North, and the south dore
Riding upon a Horse of tre, and the south dore
that broad landes hath he won, and the south dore
The white hinde beareth him, and the south dore
And two Katches that are black, and the south dore
Set into golde that is so fre, and the south dore
that day the Egill shal him bring, and the south dore
and then put up his Banner black, and the south dore
The Lord that beares the North, and the south dore
Set into golde with Colours, and the south dore
Before him shal a battel be, and the south dore
He weares a banner that is black, and the south dore
Set with Beche talle, and the south dore
and lustie Ladies beades, and the south dore
Unsane of one, each other shal be, and the south dore
all through griefe to gether they go, and the south dore
I cannot tel who wins the game, and the south dore
Each one of them shal other day, and the south dore
the Egill gray set into golde, and the south dore
that weares the harte beades, and the south dore
Out of the South be shal be, and the south dore
to light and ray him on a life, and the south dore

And 55. knights that are there, And they shall be
And Charles either time with you, and now on a good case
From Carlel that come he bene, and now he is with him
Against shall they it never be, and now he is with him
at Pinkin Clench there shall be spilt, and now he is with him
Such gentle blood that now, and now he is with him
Their shall the water be, and now he is with him
And the Eagle bears it, and now he is with him
Before the water man, and now he is with him
And their over lives a way of stone, and now he is with him
The Baies this, and now he is with him
There shall the Eagle turn his name, and now he is with him
There comes a hawk out of the wood, and now he is with him
With him shall come a fairer man, and now he is with him
This Hawk has bene his name, and now he is with him
A hawk from I best he be, and now he is with him
With a Lady, and now he is with him
With a knight in print, and now he is with him
This comes are all, and now he is with him
The hawk upon bears he, and now he is with him
that Lyon shall forsaken be, and now he is with him
and he right glad to be, and now he is with him
Into an Orchard on a hill, and now he is with him
With beard green and all, and now he is with him
there will be in, and now he is with him
This men says, and now he is with him
the Eagle puts his hawk on his, and now he is with him
and says the field he, and now he is with him
there shall the Lyon be, and now he is with him
Into a hall, and now he is with him
A Lady comes with him, and now he is with him
and says to the hawk, and now he is with him

Thy men are slain upon yon hill, and the

No dead are many thought right,
Therest the Lyon likes ill,
And raises his banner hie on high,
Upon the moor that is so gray,
Beside a headles Croce of stone,
There shal the Eagle die that day,
And the read Lyon win the name,
The Eagles thar shal lose the game,
that they have had this many day,
the read Lyon shal win remours,
win al the field and beare away,
One Crowe shal come, another shal goe,
and drinke the gentle blood so free,

When al these felles was away,
then sawe I non, but I and he,
then to the berne ranth I say,
Where dwelle they or in what countreie,
Or who shal rule the yle of Britayne,
From the North to the South I say,
a French wife shall beare the crown,
shall rule all Britayne to the south,
that of the Wynter blood shall come,
as nere as the mist degree,
I found fast what was his name,
Where that he came from what countreie,
In Crillingtown, I dwell at home,
Thomas Myrour men calles me,

The Prophecie of Waldhane

upon

Vpon London I was alone as I lay,
Loking to the Eastward, as me left thought,
The first morning of May morning to take,
For malice and melodie that mured me late,
I lyed downe and leamed me a litle bed sleep,
Upon the height of a hill as the boice bad,
And as I lyed downe and heild my eyes,
So hard I a hoars boice, and a his cry,
That had me Calabone before and me well kepe,
For feare of a wilde beest, that his heere downe,
Therewith I stomish, and thus and stert on my feet,
And lained me on every side, as the boice had,
Then I looked but let, lightlie me to see,
And saw a busell in his, as heere together,
A handfull I hope, that heere the three long,
Then of force, a floche, fully thus sepe,
All following on a fierre beest, that meere them shall,
That was at hand through meere busell to see,
Right ragged and red, and riven in pieces,
A battie with like beest, he beere on his backe,
Like a byrmfull beere battie to make,
He thought to esray, and them full sepe,
As he in told would them sang, heere at his beest,
But when he saw me with sight, saw he them left,
And when he thundered abay no more I them left,
Then groaning grivle he got to me late,
As gerret the great thebe had none for the none,
He struck full both his staffe, and thus he me sepe,
But I kepted him be Christ, both a keene weapon,
That was my lorde, both I thus thusing me ad,
And a buckler well broad, that keped me beest,
So fastlie he forced, me meere for to make,

That

That he thundered on the feld, and bid his fets to ftrapper,
Wee deftling on the bent fore braken him ftray,
And I but laid on his breast, benched my felf,
All groundings on the ground, graciously him held,
Through grace of the great God, that but me warned
He pelped, he palmered, and pouled loue,
And ftrugled falf his ftrength, and ftruck upon loft,
But I feld him by the harte, as my fup was,
And heighly faw him full fize, but he him felf being
And comended him be Chrift, and his mother demer,
What he fhould fpeke to me his fith and his kin,
But long time it that he lay to he fpeake might,
And at the laft he can leane, and lightly he fays,
Would I had told thee, that told he the hapned,
Whon thougt not that thy focke this brought fhould be
But let me fide of this rare, and tell the beft of it,
And I fhall readily without crye the meruels tell,
Great grace hath thou gotten that got me this time,
I fhall greiue the no wider fo to thy grace fountaine,
But yet I wifhed not his tale fubill to his thank you,
Be the laft and the laft, that he liewd my felfe to faye,
What I faw fhould be and faye, and no will being,
When let I him rife, and leued on his foulder,
And great meruels of his face, and his fume had,
The face formed like a fowle all his foure quarters,
and then his chin and his face fmeared fo thick
with fweate going fo gentyll fearful to faye,
I fteined at him fowreft, the fcare of him felf,
Why his figure and his face was fo fowre number
of fowre of the world, or what him faw,
He girned, he gafped, and groaned full fowre,
Except with his gray eyes, and fuddenly he faw

That game all the way is as I see full,
For he is greivd through my guilt, & no grace send;
My wilde manton full, and my misdeeds.
I may knowe of al woe, and my woe also,
Because of my sinne, that I served ever;
Yes this sorow and this sight sent unto me,
The trouble of my kin that I am of mine,
That me turned in this care, and everall me move;
That I have no hope of help, to help me our Ilod,
Which he that put me in griefe once grace send,
Faine thou no brother of my fate lets,
Of other woekes as I wast, who if thou likes,
I by all thy good may, for as much as I shall,
In words and willowes where many images be,
Which I barked and have, I heigh the to say,
When I was of this world, that I was full,
What he be of woe, if he will say,
Of who should woe he in this world, that sorow bys
To give us of god will, and yet us save,
Of who is kinde in this world that is much woe to,
Should have to see us save, and any sake after,
And then he looked to the ground, & wept of a while,
And he groaned for grief, weeping he said,
Of such anger and will hath this yie chosen,
Al though ogged and rife, and Chastels knight,
Which for Barmetins had much ball chosen,
Since first in Barmetins to land thou was brought,
Sickness and sorow and loathes set hich syth,
When thou stumbled to the sea under saile sound,
Norway hath nethered them, and so needs brought,
That hath newed their names, and named themselves,
English, that are of Iode, and Gorgon bairnes,

But all the anger that they make, their othnes shall be,
What woodfull wastourland, wood not the betide,
For thou with warre, and thy wrong battines,
When thou makest with the spers, & mixed with the linte
Such malice and mischief, thou makest for thy self
Beirned and baners thou brought upon lost,
With burning and balle hath wrought sorrow,
Carill thy Captaines, both much wood wrought,
Thou that compellest be with care, thou thinkest it but little
They shall thy gates yare, thou yares not thereafter,
Thou shalt valiant and yell, that all both that it beare
Then the towne shal be fitt, trow thou not els,
Thy toppes and thy tarnates tumbled to the ground,
So false fortune so fel, hee that at feild,
What force shal faile the, when thou best thinkest,
And lipnis on London to leade thee for ever,
On Linton and Lintolap, and Litchaster thyren,
There shal a Lyon be Loked that a Lord is,
Both of London and of Lorne, as the Lawe will,
He shal allege to the law, and the law make,
Lene nought upon lost, but waite them for ever,
Al the strengthes of the coast, and Castles euerie one,
Ho shal inclose them to his Crotonest, over them come,
Burgane and Wamburgh, as he by rides,
And Burlinges beate it downe, and burne it for ever,
The water shal welcome him, and the waues of the sey
While he haue win in by al that he thinks,
Thow this trusty vpon Tweld, shal be turned after,
If who will count the state of the peare,
If euen by eking the holore, and the day come,
And angered for ever more, this olde men deulles,
Peeblesse thou Popham, for nought that thou lovest,

There is a fether in the South, thy nest shall drop,
then shall be wasted of thy workers for thy long sleep.
There shall no warrens the heir, that thou wilt sell after
A black Boar and a Bitch, and a Bull head,
A Bore to help with a Bitch, and a broad head,
that the horn in their houses, & bear the denre for suit,
And build them up their walls, as they best think,
Red Marburgh thy role, and redden the bone,
thy role is now raised up, and rotten in funder,
Four Manens and a Moke that on the rock sit
And rap rudely that they, that home that it bore,
from now to Mosdene time that right may be
Keddie the Kefewre, thourestes no more,
for it is but reason the right and rents be gathered,
What fangrill then Jebburgh, thou fages for naught,
there shall a gylefull gemme dwell the within,
The Colwre that thou trustes in, as the truth is,
shall be traced with a trace, from than none other,
the new Caille is here, hepbful well,
thereto take ye god gods no come not therein,
A bird with a hand bald, that the bird have,
He is a Holpne, and in a hais man,
Bosy his homes shall be hang and hast him therewith
Dresser no to Dumber, and doe for the time,
thou hast a dress for the Drask, that the Droune would,
thy hies is so hard set, with balmers of stele,
Well haue therefore hold this ful still,
the new worke that is next on the South stream,
shall cast a blenk to the Bas, when the blenk shines,
Be it guided with will and will be not waister,
there shall no waister it wies no no euill doe,
Dailles hold this at home, so hold it best.

For hee shal to Haldoune, thou art hurt for ever;
 There is a Portcham in a hurle, in Periot more;
 Bath married the imprinap in Spinto Craigen;
 That bath mansions moved mauger of his fief;
 Dilston and Dolkath they dread no more els;
 But the Dolme and the Dolo, that the drake leades;
 The Dargone they dreume would but denile of France,
 Doff for them doughtles, as he bath done er;
 Edinburgh that old Craige is angered ful ferd;
 For the aine of the Erne, that in the East buildes;
 He bath a Falcons feir that in far landes
 Bath his feddling and his sight, and his sight gathered
 Aedles they noy them that is for nought;
 For they neuer in the nest shal nourish their birdes;
 Strimeling that strait place a strength of that land,
 Velth with Strabrook & Stratherne strives thou tan;
 When Strabogie shal destruy al the straberries, (parne
 The strands of Strabrook shal streame them with blood
 Thrie Stokkes in a stall shal stand them before,
 Stuffed al in stie lunde, all on boyle back;
 There stonten shal stute, and stomly themselves;
 For strokes so streine shal stint them within;
 Doe now Dumbarton while thy dayes last;
 A wretched cloude in the West, as Elers the call;
 For thou art in a Craige thou now cal dreades;
 Beare the well to Bothwell, and build it by all;
 Then Crawford & Cammoh, with chene men of armes
 Let not lightlie the lols leap out of tobone;
 For thou art Lord of the landes, & a new Albane King,
 To Douglas now doe well, and it beare holde;
 For Douglas the doughtie may endure well;
 Deale the best of the lundes that longeth the to,

Fede them with fauours and with faire wordes,
Fy on the fellowship that hath a false end,
Catiue and curst men are cumbered for ever.
There may no Catine be Christ this hindred defend,
Laughtie and largenes are two loue thinges,
He that by life gaue loues them well,
Knichtes and Christen men thereto fede take,
Cast the curst men in care, but they to Christ turne,
Thinke on Dunbarton the bolde, in olde berney tyme,
That thou art but a beile, and in that land chieftane,
Thou shalt take heede to this token that I shal this tell:
Belene it as truly as it were wrytten,
When the Lowmound lair shal the leue take,
From the land of Lenox, and leue it for ever,
Leaplightie with loupe, and looke ther about,
and mantel all the Craige with a Tower wal,
With Barres and Bellengers, to rush at the gates,
that both fische and fowle that on sight goes,
Be slited by freschly and faire them within,
then to Dunbarton burnt al to powder,
and all in a cloude, the warre ended for ever,
and if ye saille of this freit after xliij. yeares,
Pate ye pasplie, and paine ye no more.

the Castell of Carris that on a Craige standes,
Shal cry vpon Cumnoch for a true nest,
that into Cliddelvale coast cleueres full fast,
In a Dolyne so hie by a Elle bush,
then shal the Galloway Groumes get on their spaires,
Ther todde and a teriel shal tens al the woods,
From Lynemouth to tulste, and be tole free,
But a Gase Hauke of groweth shal grieue him then,
and get on a gray spaire that in grasse restes.

In a gale of tempest by a grey stone,
He shall take both the Mares and the sub all
And with the land that is taken, turne into France,
Two brothers and a Wolfe shall the field make
Before Butler the bargain that begin,
All is it better his bagges be ript,
Then that the blood of day be rank full of the bodies,
When each man reides them for ruth of his hart
That would run from the Mure and no rest hole,
A Cathe in a Craig that a Tower build,
and cry on craige Jergus, the Cratobone breuer,
For a Bute in but, as a Bull borne,
Bound with a bagle blawe when he likes,
A proud Wolue in a prece lordly shall light,
With plots and pillages pulled in the Crabone,
Blaine power of the Pope that the poison be
to pluck and to punnith and part him about,
A Wyot that partly appeale him againe,
For his part of the pelfe and the Wolue wrong,
There shall much sorrow and strife rise them once,
That that the Strangers trouble, that steeles with
A Hare with a Horcheon and a blinde Calk,
Shall hie them in holy land and hold them therein,
While a Greyhound them geipe on the greke sea,
and goe with them gently where him left likes
There shall no coming them geie bodie for,
Come the Crabone and greue him full sore,
And buge him bittere then bite him boie,
So musing upon Werling more if thou wilt,
For I meane for no more, man at this time,
When a Bute in but, as a Bull borne,

When he could hardly see with his bare eyes,
That he could neither see nor hear, for his sinners sake,
That he should suffer me some long, if he would ought,
Whom of this world, and then their souls after betide,
Whence a I can be looked on
The as he kept mould, and sent me in labour
The last night of their mould here, I went into heaven,
That I may in this mould all my host have,
So thou gets that of God, their gains none other,
To whom he gives the grace, they are of god life,
But this tale that I tell you, ye shall trust it well,
It is a trilling but truth, the luth the to say,
I moved into my mind both the luth stande,
Spide on as thou may, the matter thou fraines,
When thoue if thou fraines freind farther I tell,
I have enough Waldbane, my way say to make,
Here in Waldbane I dwell, my weid say to use.

Here followeth howe Waldbane did con-
iure this Spirit to shew much more of sin-
drie things to come, as followeth.

But somewhat shall I say as luth I have,
Among fleete unforme that ever luth the
Even Spere of the Spere shall marrie them,
With the Spectricks of Spar, that they much lath
Thee byrns heads in the, shall bite full balle,
To baile and to barrel beines euen,
When shall be first with the burkes lath,
The other a lath that is by me, shall lath many one

The thirde a holl with a beere that beeres beeres,
Large and biddens on euery side be.
these three shall raite and rane in the wide world,
theire shall none other ryde these upstons heades,
A Cok with a beere came shall rompes them with
All baill the wayes where the land lyes,
With such a crash and a crye shall their kinde rise,
that the hurrik be Chaist shall be summered sacref,
But the happyye holl shall the Cok haue,
For he is hier of head and hurtes the lea,
these sale Landmanes life leastes but a while,
While lif, A shewe in a ling from London shall come,
And leane toward Louthon into Linstocowe shire,
toward Glascoth they goe graithly thereafter,
Attour the hilles where the way lyes,
And on Worthe Dore graiths them to slepe,
then a Lyon an Aard shall leape them among,
And learns them a lesson though they laith thinke,
Fell Falcones in field shall their sey worth,
And their lozemaies so fare fiered for euer,
then puruey the Botock with thy proude shawes,
thou shall haue part of the Bell when the pack opens
then a chittare bucholen shall chose forth himselfe,
And ryde through the Realme and Roy shall be called,
then shall Wailles warbely dwell upon left,
And chose them a chesse Lord of Napaltis holden,
Drotes aires of Deod and shall shall them full wide,
In Bumber shall haue their right for to haue,
Cresson and Codman that were great Lords,
They were casped in that time with butre folkes,
Heauen and euen aires of the land,
shall rent spere and rise and call in their way,

And now all the preparations that hath they to bring
When dead shall rise and marches stop,
Looke him flat in face, and none that him knoweth shall
When the time is full with notable beames,
Dances bodwar in Brittain to the best he knoweth,
Bring him blithly about in battell joynt,
When a Lyon that leap out of hand,
The first out of Ireland noblest of beames,
But when he is full then rest is there none,
When the ropes is up and the strike under,
When shall the bend arise and work great wonder,
Amongst him men in kith kinde that a care,
Where shall a counsell sit that shall make whole barres,
When barons are set with little thoughts,
And proues partlye to prick with painted faces,
And Mailed swerps by with wonderfull beames,
and Ireland helpes that head to his most hight,
And al York shpre that helpe proue when he listeth,
He shall bind him to be with beames and to,
Enter by at a lide where the key litle,
In his owne litle ground where that he was born,
Which signitie and deue men shall him well knowe,
For to conquest the cleare Crowne of Englands land,
But all would faine were not force that the fild shold
He should be with the fild were not with the fild
That this bolozus date must come to an end,
And the bastards blood be to his end,
When in Brittain the day for the fild shall
Shall power bastards be the fild be to his end,
He shall be buried and buried and buried to his end,
With a wife out of Ireland being him out of Ireland,
And conquest the cleare Crowne of Englands land.

He shal bring all England into good peere,
Whyle a Wynter shal rise and raigne in the North,
Here by his banners with riotous beirnes,
For safetie and supplie of Wynter Landes,
Much start and strife shal beiren a while,
From the North to the South ley lube so lye,
For when the Towres of Towyn is tumbled in the land
With hunger and hard life and falschod on lofe,
Within vij. peeres after great wonders shal be leide,
By that the Libberts race is fully at an ende,
Then the Kille so leile shal leide in his landes,
and to the Lyon shal get Lordshippes great,
For the Lyon shal arive at Carleile,
And leap on the land as Lord of the ground,
He shal leide in the land with his leife beirnes,
and lame the Libbert and lose him for ever,
Shall never the Libbert leave one day after,
In bold Wynter to breake the date is nere passed,
That King shal deale and part all the broad landes,
to the Wynter blood and other bold knyghtes,
That shal goe with the way to the wengyn of Christ,
In the Maile of Golapbat lene shal be be,
Where many Wynters shal quike with there barres,
When the bent man shal rise & shew them a sight
as mervelous speking both faine of before,
Take heede to this tale that know the tell,
and trust it as truly as it were true wrytten,
When that fallst both foote and freedom is lofe,
And cometise both the hith at his owne will,
When laughte is laid low under fute,
and kindnes is curtesie his friend to begyle,
And no truth shal be hyden into chrysten landes.

But al set to deileit and non trust other,
Not the Father the Sonne in his bodily nature,
Holy Church that haue no girth but plainly and turned
and lecherie on lost and non spare other:
And each bloud with other unites together,
the law of our Saviour is quite forgotten,

This is a true talking that Thomas of Wells,
that the Hare shal breke on the hard stone.
In hope of grace but grace gets the non,
then Gladmore and Gouane shal gape there after
Thinke not long on this losse for it is neere hand,
When the Lamb is lost that the holy Church keepes,
then faller is let in = ages of Rome,
And wothe for the warrande that the cur loan,
Many sieges shal ligh within short time after,
and many miracles shal be done within short time,

When the month of May in the top hath ouer turne
Then shal Dunbarton well of old dome deere,
and so shal Arran hop in a new mans hand,
In hope of Dunbar when Hailes shal hilt,
When the Hunter shal come with his kind hatches,
Hunt fortheris and fise and the field win,

When Summer is Winter and Winter is waste
With howling wind and tempest great,
Then faller is ready his friend to begyle,
With hunger and heir shal ouer al the broad lande,
then shal the pene people be spilled ful nere,
the leir with the lucker hand is brought out of dale,
forbittell his life shal lose and many a other,
and many langne shal be for that heke,
And many leir in the South shal there life lose,
For conuincion and reason then loses the land,

Spanp a wife and maiden that living both there shall
Before this wicked war be brought to an end
the first rote of this war shall be in the end
That the Isles and Ireland shall become for them both
And the Dragons sealed into Whites landes

When the Spore is bork in the first of the number
With foure Crecientes to ask for the daies
And thirte ten is selenth to be

With a 11. to lose out the rest of the number
Spore let three and two Ehyrps as they will

This is the true date that Werling of tells
And gaue to King Wter Arthurs father

And for to mene and mule with there merre mores
For once Wiffane shall be in a new knightes banes

Who so hap to hyde shall be with his eyes
As Werling and Wiffane both said of before

and true Thomas told in his time after
and Saint Welf in his booke brened the same

Spore on it ye may for nutter ye haue
I shall give you a token that Thomas of tells

When a lad with a Lade shall goe over the fells
and many faire thing weeping for drede

For lone of there deare freindes has looking on hilles
That it shall be woe for to fel the teind of there sorow

When shall be waited there chelle landes
Where God curses with his mouth best most follos

How woe than Wiffane my will is way to pas
The woe and wobernes where my way lies

When is the Libberds roie laund for woe
and the Lyon shall be Lord and woe for woe

And al Wiffane the brode that time shall be
and his darmege woe that time shall be

Then shall I wite well, and fyllen of Glee,
 Of frendome and frendshipe his grace he helde;
 Cry you Chastite men on Christ, and honour our King,
 Of all cares and cares in this cost angers,
 And thus belondred me fea I frained no longer,
 But I merueld fast at his faire heau,
 I studied right stabillie, all throught thereof,
 That I winked or I wist and brought upon slepe,
 And when I waked witten I found,
 all these wordes on waxes wanted there none,
 Breued on a broad booke and on my brail last,
 Witten be the breuer that the booke wote,
 Then can I make me to mowe, and melling therewith,
 The first morning of May, this meruile I saw,
 As I lay mine alone on Lowdown Law,
 Looking to the Lennor, as me leue thought.

Here endes the Prophecie of Waldhaue,
 and now followeth the Scottes Prophe-
 cie in Latine.

Scotia multa dole propria iam perdita prole,
 Regibus orba tuis, fraude subacta tuis.
 Proh dolor ancilla sic liberat, trans perit illa,
 Ignare sobolis gens perit ecce dolis.
 Magnifici funus regis dolor omnibus vnus,
 Subdita non legi dat male Regna Regi.
 O grauis anxietas, segnis dolet omnis, & atas
 Quem fera mors rapuit, natio Scota luit.
 Prædem terra ferax, gens martia, datæ verax,
 Per-

Perdiderat gratum quem tenere statum
Duro conflictu fortune mobilis ictu.
Sunt in deterius versa beata prius.
Sub iuga venisti, quæ victrix ante fuisti.
Aduena scopra gerit, quæ velit, ense terit.
Anglorum nati nec vi, nec more probati,
Væ tibi quod solo preualueris dolo.
Gens inuincibilis, gens fortis, gensque virilis,
Succubuit fati, res miserranda satis.
Gloria Scotorum vernans ætate priorum,
Væ tanta eladis obtenebrata cadis.
Ecce repentinæ sunt huius causæ ruinae,
Contemptus fidei, frans, dolus, ira Dei.
Rerum cæcus amor, inopum oppressio, clamor,
Iugis, plebs retergens, natio legis egens.
Fastus maiorum, vitiorum causa priorum,
peccati fomes, legis inepta come.
Hunc cecinere statum veterum præfagia vaturn:
Singula venere quæ cecinere fere.
Scandala, terrores, plagas, variosque dolores,
Ex serie facti Scotia disce pati.
Gens surget ex te diuersa prosperitate
Vix poterunt scribi, damna futura tibi.
Sed ne desperes, quæ tantis luctibus heres,
Non est perpetua plaga futura tuæ.
Credo licet sera veterum præfagia vera:
In bonitate Dei, sit tibi cura spei. (ris.
Nam quæ tot pateris, quæ iam captiua vide-
Tandem solueris, Imperialis eris,
Desuper eueniet tibi virtus, Scotia fiet
Ultima prosperior, quam tua vita prior.
Promittunt veteres, quod erit tibi bellicus hæres,

Qui sua Iura nonans regna Iunabit ouans,
Stragibus Immenfis sudabit Scoticus ensis,
Rex perdet cuneos vltor vbique reos.
Irruit Angligena per eum gens non sine panna,
Ense, siti, fletu, peste, tremore, metu.
Hostibus afflictois, stratis, per praelia victis,
Scotia tuque tui Placida pace fruui.

¶ Alia Prophetia.

Cum fuerint anni completi mille ducenti,
Et tricenteni fuerint in numero pleni,
Bis sex & seni venient ab equore Rheni
Tunc ruit Anglorum mala gens & semen corrupta.

¶ Alia Prophetia.

Anglia te perdet tua gens, quam quilibet odit,
Te circum fodit gens Gallica, Scotia rodit,
Gallia mutetur, Iberniam insidietur,
Vix possunt scribi damna futura tibi.

¶ Alia Prophetia.

Flan, fran, confurgent, hispani viribus vrgent,
Dani confurgent, Albani limina lingent,
Sco deuestabit, tunc Gallia arma parabit,
Et cum hoc fuerit Anglica gens periet.

¶ Alia Prophetia.

Post Iacobum, Iacobus, Iacobum, Iacobus quoque
Et filius daci Regno Regnabit vtroque.

¶ Heere follows the Prophesie
of Gildas.

Whe

V Vnholp this is toled, & toll hath he
And pastimes are played & pells but play
When idolatrie is in Cas. and Ho,
And spiritual Pastoures are bered and dismayed
And al estates in sight are vnknowen,
Because of there clothing cunning & craft,
Spiritually suspended subverted and suspected,
Denying there title to God and there det,
Whipped by like Whinnes as the Werchproude,
Refusing there Religion and there right rule,
then in the Rostrer twiches with shal blow,
What al the Meane that is to right come there after,
the Grahound shal be greved and driven at under,
And tramped for his trust to whom he kept trust,
The hindest of his hith shal not him know,
But hurand his misknow that now they neuer know
then shal many with sal right come after,
and from Caithnes to Doned shal walke bot toar,
And moene for his min optune that failed for lores,
But better moene for themselves for need they haue
Hailes when thou haltell hirp it not but hold the,
If thou speakest before thou spok it shal able shal the
the barred Lyon lables at the shal be greved,
Shal search and se he the to destroy the for ever,
Yet shal a helme from Werwich drak him and bonn,
and search the treaving of trewes that toar afore tane
By the heedles people that bred at there owne hand,
The holdes whole and the hoordes had destroyed,
Reason shal be sought and granted shal be none,
The mouers thereof shal more and may not more,
then shal the Counsel which numbered bath the hith,
Call for comfort but long may they craue

They gathered to the best and to man best the
 When in baile they took he they that not perille,
 They that tooke the bristell and tolt that they lack,
 Then worried their weeld that not they was wrought,
 then that the Katches in this region rane
 And run there race eubely but any returne,
 The best of the hith that cry for support,
 But sharle that they rise they that be so sweete,
 The Pound which was harmed then mistes that be,
 Who louch him worst that worpe for his woth,
 Yet that a Wilhelpe rise of the same race,
 That eubely that rane, and tolt the whole path,
 And quite the whole quarrel of old times better,
 Though he from his holt be kept back a while,
 the Coh dare not cro to though it be his kinne,
 But keeps him selfe close while come shall his time,
 Weare the Edinburgh and pack up the packen,
 Thou shalt be left to be thou leise or loath,
 Because thou art bartant and flemed thy faith,
 Through Cnute & Courtynise that cumbered the mat
 true Thomas me tolve in a trouble some time,
 In a Parrett morning at Elbowe pilled,

Here followeth the Pro-
 phetic of the English
 Chronicles.

There shall pload be a holy Peremiet in King El-
 it was time, in this manner in the baile of King
 Henry the 3rd, saying these English men, forasmuch
 as they be to branhennell, to frendly, to carelesse of

Gods beak. First by the Danes, then by the Spaniards
and the thirde time by the Scottes: that they holde the
most wretched and least worth of all other: they shall be
overcome and vinct, then the world shall be in shakell.

The Prophecie of Sibilla and Eltraine.

VVhen the Goose with the golden home is chosen
The next yeare there after Christmas shall be
unto so likes say to read
Spemulous Sperling and Weid.
In this manner they shall procede,
Of thinges unknowne,
The truth now to record,
And that from the date of our Lord,
Though that it be thowme,
Take a thousand in Calculation
And the longest of the Apon,
Foure Crescentes under one Croone,
With Saint Andzeus Croce thille,
Then thre score and thysse thre,
Take tent to Sperling truly,
then shall the wares ended be.
And neuer againe rise.

In that yeare there shall a King,
A Duke and no crowned King,
Beside the Prince that be golly,
And tender of peares,
Spaw, sorrow and strife
Shall be in Lochlans and Finghlan.

Through

Through the Fulmar's false fence,
The Spangill Spelwart, with a sword of stone
through the supply of the feined Part,
and the landing of the Libert,
I took in an laice,
In Fife and Lothian that land,
With many both hill and brand,
And borne and slay al from hands
Without any grace.

Then comes the Anthelope,
the blind Spelwart to stop,
With many a Semyores in a lopp,
Forth of all artes,
The Lyon Ramping at the Kois,
With the Bronze and Bapingois,
and many knightes for to clois,
Shal come from the South.

the fabled Hoole shal be fene,
fled to a free greene,
And with anis la fine
In a bage shal be boine,
Dine two shipes in a shield,
that day that fote the field.
To be the Anthelopes beile,
And fetch him before.

the Beares head and the Bole,
the beame and the blade pole,
that Craicen to and a Cole,
Shal come from the South,
they shal come to the halle,
And knightes kensly that toyle,
For love of the Unknight.

And fight upon forth,
When the battles daimes were,
In there fight shal appeare
A bande of men of weir,
Approaching at hande,
Then put there men in ordinaunce
With fine hundred knightes of France,
And a Duke them to auance,
to be in the vanguard.
and to the Anthelope shal leine,
And take him easily to leine,
When the Libbert shal be leine,
and desperate of blisse,
Scottes and French shal take a part,
With a proud hairent heart,
and shal upon the Spelbwards
Or they dissenner.
His boie to him shal be no beile,
All his knightes shal be bile,
Him selfe is slaine in the field
and vincust for ever,
Thus shal the warres ended be,
Then peace and policie
Shall raigne in Albanie
Still without end,
and who so likes to loke
the description of this booke,
this wrytes Well who will loke,
and so doth make an end.

Heere

Here followeth a propheticke promise should
be a noble Queene and Marston called Sibylla Re-
gina Austri . That came to Solomon through the
which she compiled foure bookes at the instance
and request of the said King Solomon and others
diuers, and the fourth booke was directed to a no-
ble King called Baldwin , King of the broad
Ile of Britaine: of the which she maketh mention
of two Noble Princes and Emperours the which
is called Leones of these two shall subdue and
ouercome all earthlie Princes to their Diademe &
Crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the
heauen among Saints. The first of these two is
Magnus Constantinus that was Leprosus, the son
of S. Helene that found the Croce. The second is
the sixte King of the name of Stewart of Scotland
the which is our moſte Noble King.

Britaine.

If Scotland shall raigrie the moſte poble and tall
and Chistane that euer was, full of mildeſome & pollicy
cruell in Justice as a Lyon & ſeuer, he ſhall be meere as
a Lamb, but ſomewhat inclyned to fragility of his fleſh.
In his time ſhall be great Justice and peace. But alas
for ſorrow, for by treſon hee ſhall be deſtroyed. In his
Lamb ſhall make many good houſes and faire places he
ſhall take greate aduenterous travels and a little before
his death he ſhall have warre with them that ſhould be
his freinds & he ſhall get victorie over them, but he ſhall
of his owne he ſhall be ſlauen to a place of battell where
he

he shall get great discomfort, hee the which hee shall see.
Therefore alace for sorrow of his lyne, which shall be in
great trouble: and after him there shall be a chistaine of
the hyth vntable as the wynde wauieng as the waues
of the sea. In his time shall the church tremble as an as-
pine leafe and great trouble in all maner of estates but it
shall not long last. Also the Wolfe shall rise against him
out of the Northweest, and make him great trouble, but
he shall not preuaile, for hee the help of the Wolfes bro-
ther and the Fox, the Wolfe shall be slaine by a water
hore: and some after there shall come out of the North, a
Dragone and a Wolfe, the which shall be the helpe of
the Lyon, and bring the Realme to great rest and peace
with glorie, with the most joy e triumphe, that the like
was neuer seene these many yeares before: for by the
sweete smel of the Lillie and the flowerdeluce, there shall
a Chistaine of the hyth, chuse forth him selfe, stable as a
stone, stedfast as the Christall, firme as the Adamant,
true as the Steele, immaculate as the Snow, without all
treason, he shall saile on the sea with walles on every syde,
and that with all gloire and joy to deliuer the hyth out of
all thraldome e dolour, for hee shall be strong as the Wolfe,
wile as the Serpent, humble as the Lambe, simple as
the Dove, victorious as the Lyon, Prince of iustice, the
well of this nation, he shall binde his talle with the red
Dragone e accompany him with the Lyon: these three
shall rise against the wolfe warpe, the which is cursed of
God: this wolfe warpe shall haue an earthlike skin as an
Goate, the vengeance of God shall fall vpon him for saine
e the suffering of the great pite of his people unpunish-
ed. Also they shall thrust him forth of his Realme, and
make all the four cheife fildes of his Realme to runne
D blake,

man, and after that the spider shalpe that he hath
a flye in his webbe, he shall have no more power
of his wealinge. And after that he shall be glad to give the
three parts of his wealinge, to have the fourth part for
peace, and hee shall receive it for the will of God is, that
no man shall be any more, but by that I am assured, And after
that he shall live in sorrowe at his life time, and by his
nature's disorder in a house of the sea, with his progenies
shall be fatherless in strange countries and innuys for no
viewmore, because they have passed against the will of
God: for by that generation the Realme of Englande is
reapt of all iniquitie and abomination of sinne: and for
the while the Dragons with the Lyon, shall divide the
Realme of Englande, and for that the land be conquest by
the power and will of God, and not by strength of man:
and he that is an Englishman borne, shall deny and per-
turbe his native nation and Realme: But yet they shall
be as tributaries to these foreigne tyrants, and all
inhelpefulnes to them: and then the Spours of God,
shall be glad of his assistance, and hee shall see that the
habits there lannes with top in the service of there: for
they by creation, be such that man that is per his true
parts in that time: for after those daies the lawe of the
spours shall be well kepte, And in the meane time, that
all religious persons suffer patiently persecution, and
specially the poore, which hath left at last the spours sake:
for they shall be glad to be in mountains and caves to
there safeguarde. And he that shall see, they doe suffer,
that respects there dolours to top in there: And the 3rd of
Waltham shall be to bring him peace, and the last shall be
glad in the suppressing of there abuses: and then shall
all good men and women give perfect hope and possi-

[illegible]

